

THE FRENCH ROMANTICS IN ENGLAND

by

Jacques Léon Salvan  
B.ès L. University of Poitiers, 1916

Submitted to the Department  
of English and the  
Faculty of the Graduate School  
of the University of Kansas  
in partial fulfillment of the  
requirements for the degree of  
Master of Arts.

Approved by:

*S. L. Whitcomb*  
Instructor in charge

*R. D. O'Leary*  
Chairman of Department

May 20 1923

## Preface

A few analogies of tone and subject found between English poems of the Victorian period and poems of the French Romantic School inspired the writer with the curiosity of ascertaining how far that school had found in England the echo of its original and powerful note.

The writer is conscious of not having given enough importance to what should have been the vital part of the work, i.e. the influence of French Romanticism on a certain group of Victorian writers. The first part of the work, which was indispensable, led us to the heart of the subject only after taking most of our time. Instead of an exhaustive and conclusive chapter on the influence of the French Romantics in England, only suggestions could be given of what that influence may have been and some considerations on the character and limitations of that influence.

Excuses are requested for the long compilation of criticism which was destined in our mind to be only an introduction to a study of more essential points.

A more precise treatment of these points presented several difficulties :

Works dealing with the ebb and flow of literary influences between France and England would seem to indicate that French influence on England ceased in the 18th century and that English influence began in the same period which would thus be a period of equilibrium of influences between the two countries. Thus no works could be found dealing with the subject of this study in its totality or in detail.

Moreover, it was necessary to deal, not with a few recognized masterpieces, but, especially in as far as English poetry is concerned, with a great many pieces which have received from posterity no definitive judgment. The future must decide whether the type of poetry originated in imitation of French Romanticism was worth consideration.

May 15, 1923

J.L.S.

## Contents

INTRODUCTION.....	5
CHAPTER ONE . LAMARTINE.....	12
CHAPTER TWO . HUGO.....	29
CHAPTER THREE . MUSSET.....	47
CHAPTER FOUR . VIGNY.....	54
CHAPTER SIX . ECHOES AND INFLUENCES....	67
Conclusion.....	74
Bibliography.....	77
Index... ..	79



# THE FRENCH ROMANTICS IN ENGLAND

## INTRODUCTION

It is a well known fact that French Romanticism appeared later than English Romanticism and is, to a certain extent derived from it. The general enthusiasm for Shakespeare, the extreme popularity of Byron, the favorable reception given to Scott's novels are historical facts directly connected with the formation of the French Romantic School and inseparable from it. Deliberately the French Romantics proclaimed Shakespeare their model and recognized the superiority of his productions over those of the French Classical School. All of them had for Byron an enthusiasm and a veneration which made of this poet an almost mythical character.

How complete was their understanding of the English Romantic poets, how sincere their enthusiasm, how deeply they felt their influence, how much their recognition of foreign superiority was a matter of policy or obedience to literary fashion, are wide questions. It seems, however, that they considered<sup>it</sup> to their interest to identify their own cause with illustrious names which added to it the weight of authority and a prestige not devoid of mystery.

The English, in general, have felt the shallow character of this literary fashion. They seem, at least, to have had a vague distrust and a slight suspicion of the sincerity of their French admirers. For instance Blackwood<sup>'S</sup>, in 1823, expresses a slightly shocked surprise at the familiar tone taken by Lamartine in his EPISTLE TO LORD BYRON<sup>1</sup>: "We do not know," says the reviewer, "how his Lordship will relish this familiar slap on the back with the accompanying 'courage, my fallen angel'".

English critics were not very<sup>much</sup> surprised at what they considered a lack of comprehension on the part of the French poets. As their enthusiasm seemed natural and due to English genius, so did their imperfect understanding of the full significance of English poetry appear to these critics to be in the natural order of things ; from the other side of the channel respect was legitimate ; an incomplete grasp natural and expected.

In general, in the English criticism of the early 19th century, one does not find any realisation that, after all, the new French school might have had some original merit in addition to the merit of its models. As we shall see in detail, the French Romanticists had no other merit according to these critics, than to have found, at last, in the English poets, the proper models.

.....

1. Meditations , Lamartine.

This idea that French Romanticism is no more than a weak reproduction of English Romanticism is, according to Professor Legouis, the critic of Wordsworth, one of the two false conceptions which prevent appreciation by the English of some poets held by the French as supreme. According to this assumption, Lamartine would have little significance for people who knew Wordsworth, and Alfred de Vigny could be of little worth for people who had read Byron. As an indication of this state of mind we have the assertion of Matthew Arnold himself declaring that it was impossible for him to consider Lamartine important, except for the French people.

The other misleading conception, according to Professor Legouis, is based on a certain taste for the eccentric, for the curious and the rare, a sort of intellectual coquetry which took hold of the criticism by which general opinion is formed and which resulted in the relatively undue celebrity in England of some of the French minor poets.

Whether Professor Legouis is right or not in his explanation, the fact remains that English criticism has been, for the greater part of the 19th century, rather severe in its view of French poetry and that it has not

.....

Emile Legouis. *Défense de la Poésie Française*, London 1912

unfrequently gone as far as to deny entirely its truly poetical character.

Some voices have been heard now and then to protest against this common notion that French literature had nothing essentially poetical to offer. They have been relatively few, and the assertion that the French Romantic School may have had influence on a certain group of English poets would go against the generally accepted view. This influence may be shown by the degree of interest and criticism aroused in England by the works of the French Romantics. At any rate, the comparative study of the English criticism of those poets who are in France considered important may throw some light on the subject, even if it becomes necessary to conclude that this criticism found nothing in Hugo, Lamartine, Vigny, Gautier, that could be considered of any importance for the Republic of letters at large.

The group of authors we are concerned with has the advantage of being quite definite in its composition, in its aim, in its direction, and even in the elements which along with those of each individual poet, belong to the group as a group and constitute the sum of its production.

Each one of these writers represents a very definite view of life and although they have enough merits and defects in common to be unmistakably of one group, yet they are renowned, each of them, for a particular excellence and the exposition, shamelessly individualistic

in true Romantic style, of a very definite personality. Hugo is still considered in France the first of them in importance, not so much on account of the quality of his work as by reason of his universality, of the stupefying bulk of his work, and because he was the most violent exponent of the theories of the school as well as its recognized leader. The importance of Hugo must be accepted, whether one accepts it reluctantly or with enthusiasm, because he voiced the common passions of his time better than anybody else, and was the most complete representative of the 19th century, just as Voltaire was of the 18th. Hugo is taken very seriously in France as far as this claim goes ; it is taken for granted that "his crystal soul" reflected more of the passing times than that of any of his contemporaries. But apart from his extraordinary imagination served by a remarkable technical ability, apart from the lyrical quality of his shorter pieces, his merits in all fields have been submitted to many harsh criticisms and remain under slight suspicion. His intellectual powers never went unquestioned and the strong reaction which followed his death has not yet so entirely waned that Anatole France could not begin a praise of him with the preliminary remark :

"No doubt he was stupid, I agree".

Even if we admit that this master of paradox takes pleasure

in surprising us by this ready admission, his assurance shows clearly enough that there remains little faith in the philosophic gift of Victor Hugo.

As for Lamartine , to give as general and representative<sup>1</sup> an opinion of him as possible, one could hardly do better than repeat this apology made for him by Professor Legouis before an English audience :<sup>1</sup> " Lamartine, the most instinctively and prodigally poetic of our poets, the one who is , in the eyes of many among us, poetry itself & who was so truly poet that he forgot too much, at times, to ask from art his confirmation ; an improviser of genius who should at least save us from the reproach of knowing nothing of poetry but the exterior form, the finish, the varnish, " This criticism, along with Gautier's assertion that "Lamartine does write poetry but is poetry itself", is enough to explain the high rank given to him in French literature while at the same time it explains and excuses his shortcomings.

As for Musset, no one could have been better qualified to interpret his poetry for English readers and to give the explanation of his popularity in France, than Taine was when he compared his popularity with that of Tennyson in England<sup>2</sup> : " Was there ever a more vibrating and genuine accent ?... This man at least has never lied. He has only said what he

.....  
<sup>1</sup> Emile Legouis. Défense de la Poésie Française, page 108

<sup>2</sup> Taine. A History of English Literature, Chapter VI, page 679

felt and he has said it as he felt it. He thought aloud, he made the confession of every man. He was not admired but loved, he was more than a poet, he was a man. Every one found in him his own feelings, the most transient, the most familiar ; he did not restrain himself, he gave himself to all ; he has the last virtues which remain to us, generosity and sincerity . "

Musset, like Hugo, was relatively well known in England ; one of the four great Romantics is on the other hand almost entirely unknown. Professor Legouis, in his DEFENSE DE LA POESIE FRANCAISE<sup>1</sup>, expresses the wish <sup>that</sup> a proper share of the interest shown in England for Gautier, Baudelaire, Verlaine, should be paid to Lamartine and to "that Vigny who in his poems, stern as the summits of high mountains, has given to the pessimism of the century its loftiest expression ; in whom metaphysical sadness has found perhaps its most stoic interpreter".

As for the amiable Gautier, whom most critics will place in the Romantic group only with a certain condescension, one modern critic has defined his case in this way : " It seems like a wager : there is a man who with absolutely nothing but the gift to paint has determined to be a poet and has succeeded."

.....

## CHAPTER ONE . LAMARTINE

A question of importance arises in the study of the reception in England of the first French Romantic works ; there were in England some well established opinions concerning French poetry, some preconceived ideas and more or less conscious notions then prevailing which the critics of Lamartine shared to a great extent.

These current conceptions are brought out very clearly in the articles devoted to him by English reviews upon the publication of his first works.

The Edinburgh Review seems to have been the first magazine to take notice of the *MEDITATIONS* , the earliest of all <sup>FRENCH</sup> Romantic works (1820). This article has the double advantage of asserting that something had happened which was of considerable importance for the French and of giving a conscientious exposition of what was apparently then a common view of French poetry in England.

"There is nothing", says our reviewer, "in which the opinions of the French and the English differ so irreconcilably as in poetry... now it will not do to account for this contradiction of sentiment by the effect of mere national partiality or the habit of considering the  
.....  
Edinburgh Review , 1822. Vol. 37, p.407



same substantial excellences as exclusively connected with certain external accompaniments, for both nations admit the merit of foreign competitors. There is in truth a radical difference in the excellence at which they respectively aim and each admires its own for qualities which the other disdains. There are indeed some points of contact undoubtedly but not many. The admirers of our Pope .....cannot but admire their Boileau. And those who are captivated with the tragedy of Addison, must admit, we should think, his inferiority to Racine. But we cannot carry the parallel any further".

Then, comes as an illustration to show the great difference between the artistic ideals of the nations, the comparison between an English garden ---"a reverent and feeling imitation of what is most beautiful in the landscapes which nature herself has contrived"--- and a French park ---"an ostentatious and a presumptuous attempt to supersede and expel nature altogether, and to raise a triumph on her complete subjugation". Also by way of illustration the reviewer recalls the masculine fashions in vogue when France used to set the style for men : "hair powder, stiff rows of curls, coats, waistcoats, high heeled shoes, etc." "It is impossible", he adds, "that this contempt should not appear in French poetry...."and he concludes : "These considerations go far to explain why French poetry

should be different from ours and, we must add, inferior to it". To these considerations the author adds another: that if imagination seems to play such a great part in French affairs, it is not because the French have more imagination than other people ; their poetry proves the contrary, it is only because they have almost no reason at all to balance the effect of an imagination which is in itself limited.

"This is", he concludes, "why of all nations, ancient and modern, there is not one that, having any poetry at all, does not surpass the French in strength, originality, sublimity, invention".

Along with these fundamental defects, French poetry has those it derives from the want of sonorousness or melody of the language, the pooriness of its idiom and the unpoetical character of the metaphors which enter into its structure.

Now as far as the French Classical period is concerned the Edinburgh Review probably gives the general tone of English criticism when it readily acknowledges that the plays of Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, are decidedly superior to any English play written in imitation of them. As the English take no pride in this particular epoch of their literary history the question is of little importance , but the article adds : "When the Classical period had given in England as in France all it could give, when it had carried to the limited height which it is ever

destined to attain, that sort of excellence which depends on purity of diction and fineness of thought, English poetry could fall back upon its models of the early 17th century while French poetry had nothing to fall back upon".

This was written in 1822 and since then Swinburne and Rossetti have shown what the older English poets knew perfectly well ---that there was something to be gotten out of French poetry prior to the Classical School. The fact is that the French themselves by their absolute belief in the excellence of their Classical School had impressed on the other people their notion that nothing could be compared to it in the whole history of French literature.

Although some English critics have kept to this day the habit of beginning their accounts of French poetry by some ingenious explanation of its limited range, this practice seems to have been more general in the beginning of the last century ; but these explanations differ sometimes among themselves, as if every critic had thought it his duty to find something new about the subject, which might appear more clear and more decisive than what his predecessors had said.

Blackwoods, in 1823, declares that France has always been deprived of true poetry by one of these three causes : 1st, the prevalent taste for abstract ideas and philosophy,

2d, the crippling of the active powers of the mind through religious despotism.

3d, the destruction of the moral principle itself and substitution in its place of a barren self-styled philosophy of mockery and negations.

Eventually it gives an explanation why, in spite of all these decisive facts, the English still manifest a considerable interest in new French poetic productions : "Poetry is a gem so rare among these folk that we must not be overscrupulous in taking and admiring what we can get".

One year later, in 1824, Blackwood complains that there is little chance of interesting criticism in French poetry. The lack of individuality in the writers, "the fusion of all that is original into all that is commonplace, takes away all possibility of reproach, amusement or admiration". Four new causes are found for this mediocrity of French poetry : The habit of French people<sup>Race</sup> of receiving their education through lectures, the facility with which they are pleased, the number of works dealing with criticism, and the nature of the language, which transforms poetry into a "game of dominoes, where black must follow blank".

Such was the tone of the English reviews when dealing with French poetry in the beginning of the last century. As no article went without some general considerations of the sort it could not but affect the reception of the greatest French lyric poets of the time.

And it did. The only real merit of Lamartine in the eyes of English critics seems to have been that he disavowed the beliefs of his predecessors and turned to English models for models of true poetry.

For Lamartine had taken Wordsworth and Byron as models : "We place high on the list of M. de Lamartine's merits ", says the Edinburgh Review in 1837, "what his countrymen would certainly call a fault if they had sufficient candour to acknowledge it ; his ample borrowings from English writers". "Lamartine, says Blackwood's in 1823, is Byronic and religious and depend more on imitation of us than on national feeling". "The works of Scott and Byron", says the same review later, "have forced a relishing taste among these French which still struggles with their indigenous ideas ". And in works of imagination as well as in works of reason, the English superiority appears so well established that Blackwood's proposes that English minor wits go to France where they would undoubtedly shine, thus providing France with good poets and ridding England of bad ones. The Edinburgh Review also claims for Lamartine the credit of abandoning the errors of his predecessors and of being willing to take lessons from English poets. It recommends to English readers among a few of the MEDITATIONS the one which had already shocked Blackwood's and which may be literally translated :

You of whose real name the world is still ignorant,

Mysterious mind, mortal, angel, or demon..."

None of the following beautiful lines seem sufficient to redeem Lamartine from "the character of bad taste which this calling of names stamps on him".<sup>1</sup>

It would carry us too far to answer every one of the arguments brought forth against the genuine worth of French poetry. Adverse as such criticism mostly is, it has at least the merit of sincerity. The same thing cannot be said of the praises of Lamartine by the same critics.

They generally praise the religious tone of his work. The Edinburgh Review is struck by the pious melancholy of the MEDITATIONS, "the religious enthusiasm with which they are imbued and which is the most elevated and overflowing fount of poetry". The Dublin Review<sup>2</sup> also praises the MEDITATIONS because all the sentiments and impressions they express "spring from devout feeling and are all designed to elevate the soul to heavenly musings and aspirations". "Never," adds this review, "did bard propose to himself a nobler <sup>aim</sup> than this of sanctifying the many and often jarring emotions of the heart by a principle of religion".

This does not prevent the same review from accusing Lamartine of Pantheistic raving resembling Shelley's hatred of religion. In spite of what may be true in these statements, Lamartine's somewhat misty religion is not

.....

<sup>1</sup> Edinburgh Review, 1837, Vol. 37, p. 407

<sup>2</sup> Dublin Review, 1840, Vol. 8, p. 226

what gives him right to immortality in French literature any more than Chateaubriand's catholicism arising "through love of Gothic style".

Neither is it Lamartine's intellectual power, although Blackwood, in 1823, assures us that "he writes pretty morality, not so good perhaps as that of the ESSAY ON MAN but with more feeling", and that Lamartine "is a poet of much promise with a philosophic basis which will enable him to raise a freer and nobler superstructure in a future exertion".

It is also difficult to agree with the writer of the Dublin Review who declares in 1840 that his poetry is like "the versification of his philosophical creed".

Lamartine's sensibility is deemed exquisite by the Dublin Review, but the melody which the French agree in finding everywhere in his works seems to have gone unnoticed except by very few critics; it is mentioned very casually by the Edinburgh Review in 1837. "Each object breathes in melody in his ear" says the Dublin Review which also admits that Lamartine possesses the power of moulding his versification in the most graceful forms.

There is altogether very little in the criticism of the first part of the century to satisfy the French claims in favor of this great lyric poet of theirs.

In fact the Edinburgh Review tells us, in 1837, that individually :

"He is no creator".

"He never opens to us any new or unexpected recesses of our nature ".

"He has little or no passion".

"The passions he describes are merely narrated and absolutely without any dramatic effect".

"His whole power is in description and in a considerable power of versification".

"He has fancy, feeling, but no imagination".

The same review admits in him some good qualities , which are of a rather negative character :

"The fact that his enthusiasm is always free from violence or fury, that some of his poems show the marks of a noble and independent spirit".

The Dublin Review finds in his HARMONIES a "playfulness of fancy" which the French reader would hardly seek there, softness and fervor of feeling, and a delicate purity of heart.

So far little stress has been placed on Lamartine's deficiencies. This is only natural if we consider the quality of the praise. However the Dublin Review of 1840 is not unaware of the poet's prolixity, of his tendency "to clothe all objects in the same coloring" and to depict chiefly himself when he depicts anything. It also concludes that the melancholy pathos which at first delights the reader soon becomes monotonous and highly artificial. Blackwood had already classified Lamartine in 1824 as the Lover's, the Sentimentalist's poet".



This last opinion is as favorable as any of the same period. A poet thus defined could hardly be expected to rank supreme in French letters ; and still on this subject there is unanimity among English critics. According to them Lamartine's poetry, intrinsically of second order, must be considered as an exceptional gain for French literature. Blackwood in 1823 treats Lamartine as the most important of French writers but finds it necessary to remark that he marks the difference in moral and intellectual civilisation between England and France, and says further: " He is a poet that would have been popular in England some hundred years ago, whom now we could not tolerate nor read, but who exactly suits the taste and wants of the French people".

The Edinburgh Review in 1837 considers him the best French poet but adds that his elevated rank is due solely to the insignificance of his rivals. The Dublin Review of 1840 qualifies him as the first of the living poets of France.

On the whole ,during the first half of the 19th century, Lamartine seems to have made very little impression on English readers. Alison, in 1844, declares he has heard the name of Lamartine mentioned only once in English Society between 1824 and 1844 ; and then only as a prose writer who had made a real "rhapsody" out of his TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

Very little stress needs be given to the reception of Lamartine's prose works. Alison had judged him to be the greatest describer of nature who ever existed ; but he stood apparently alone in this opinion, and, as the Edinburgh Review predicted in 1855, Lamartine was to be remembered as the poet of the MEDITATIONS rather than as an historian.

From the middle of the century, English reviews show in their criticisms, adverse as well as favorable, a much greater familiarity with the author of JOCELYN. However few recognize the claims made in his favor by his countrymen.

The Edinburgh Review, in 1855, admits that, in prose as in verse, he is always essentially and eminently poetical and although the old prejudice against French poetry is still strong with this review, yet an exception is made in favor of Lamartine : " French poetry is rarely poetical according to our notions ; his creations are eminently so....It seems to him natural to sing . He is more a musical instrument than a musician".

This impression was to be expressed again by Dowden in his French Literature<sup>2</sup>: "The clear and ample harmonies of his verse do not attack the ear but penetrate the soul".

.....

1. Wilson Alison's Essays. Appleton & Co. Lamartine. Page 163
2. Edward Dowden. A History of French Literature. London, 1912. Page 370.

The vagueness and mystery which is according to English writers, so seldom found in French poetry is recognized by the same Edinburgh Review as the most remarkable quality in Lamartine ; and his evanescent mistiness is deemed more precious than the beautiful images, delicious fancies, fond languishing emotions with which his poetry is "overflowing in cloying abundance". Unmistakably, these are expressions of a sincere admiration and of a thorough understanding of Lamartine's lyrics. The only trouble with them is that they do not give the general tone of English criticism and since this general tone is given mainly and definitely by a few very clear accusations, more space will be given to these objections to the alleged importance of the French Romantic.

First of all, there is the standard objection to the French language as a vehicle of poetical expression : "The language of epigram and antithesis", as Blackwood calls it (1876) will never be for some Englishmen the language of poetry. And then the "monotonous regularity of the Alexandrine verse", the "heavy and rigid cadence of the perpetual couplet" are other definite obstacles which they declare they are not able to surmount : " The ear is so filled with this trick of sound, bewildering, deadening as the hammering of machinery that it is only with a powerful effort that we are able to rouse

ourselves to the sentiment which it conveys".

To show that the poetical form thus fantastically described is somewhat a myth conceived by English readers would be relatively easy. It needs only be mentioned as one of the general causes which prevented many Englishmen from taking any interest in French poetry until the end of the 18th century.

This objection to the verse form in which Lamartine had to express himself is far from being so dangerous to the reputation of that author as the reproach of sentimentality made by a long line of critics in the second part of the century and finally endorsed by Professor Saintsbury. "In reading him says the Edinburgh Review, in 1850, "we feel a sort of somnolent delight as if we were basking in sunshine, floating over smooth waters, and cradled by the gentlest of all rippling waves ... want of masculine vigor and a healthy tone characterises nearly all of Lamartine's poetry". The MEDITATIONS says Blackwood's (1876) belong to the class of poetry which delights youth at that stage when it loves to be made sad, and affords to women and lonely persons a means of expressing the vague and causeless despondencies of a silent existence" ; which according to this review is not the highest claim of poetry. The thoughts which lie too deep for tears are too profound, too broad, for the musing melancholy which invades so many gentle souls in times of

loneliness in those moments when there is nothing to complain of but life seems low, and everything is obscured with veils and mists of melancholy. To such a mood the poetic strain which breathes softly but sadly the universal despondency of the earth generalising its less weighty miseries into one vague plaint....is beyond description welcome".

This sort of praise is really a dangerously subtle and absolute condemnation. It allows our reviewer to add :  
 " We have but little poetry which takes the same place with the same dignity . PLEASURES OF HOPE and PLEASURES OF MEMORY have all dropped out of recollection though possibly in their day they filled this place. But Lamartine<sup>does</sup> it with more variety, with more dignity, and absolute certainty that this is the true use of poetry", "It is ", concludes our reviewer with all the satisfaction of an English critic who has proved that beyond the channel there can be success only in some sort of inferior activity, "if not its single and absolute end , at least one of its most serviceable uses and the audiences to which such a poet appeals is more numerous and perhaps more important than any other. All the vast mass of the middle...the center of humanity, the hearts that feel without having any necessity to penetrate the depths of feeling, the minds which think without being impelled much beyond the surface...is its natural kingdom". According to another review Lamartine's sentimentality is maudlin , according to Professor Saintsbury, Lamartine is very fertile

"but always sentimental"<sup>1</sup>. The same author thinks that Lamartine cannot take rank among the first order of poets not only because his note was a weak one but also because he could strike but one.

Aside from this question of sentimentality there seems to have been in English readers a vague distrust of Lamartine's idealisation of love. "His notion of love is sickly", says one review, and the ideal world he framed a narrow and poor world filled with one monotonous strain of weak passion...although it is at the same time a pure love which he idolizes, a virtuous ideal...which he endeavours to set forth".

The opinion that he knew nothing of passion is expressed several times in English reviews. His tapestry-like descriptions of landscapes gave rise to little adverse criticism. "He has", according to Blackwood, "a curious vague enthusiasm for nature" and "the very sweetness of the woods and of the fields" dwells in his descriptions. Naturally enough there is little stress on his philosophy ; but one hardly goes to Lamartine for a precise philosophy of life.

The judgment of Dowden on Lamartine, that " the clear and ample harmony of his verse does not attack the ear but penetrate the soul", redeems to a certain extent the ironical praises quoted above. The difference in the views of French

.....

<sup>1</sup>.Article in Encyclopedia Britannica . (Lamartine).

and English men of letters on this subject probly arises from a different conception of poetry or rather from the fact that in each country the reading public is expecting from poetry a different sort of pleasure.

A critic like Lemaitre, for instance, will readily pardon the carelessly wrought portions in Lamartine's poems, his "ready-made verses", his classical phraseology, if there is in the verse enough essential harmony, a sufficient expression of the very rhythm of the thought itself to give to the whole of the work, perspective and unity. He will compare these weak points to the sea weed which, following the majestic undulations of the waves, does not mar their grandeur nor their beauty. The English reader of poetry who, after all is probably the one who follows the thought, the most closely, and minutely, will be irritated by what he will call redundancy, laxity, or prolixity.

However, one may object to one particular tendency of some English critics of French literature : When dealing with a purely dramatic poet like Racine they complain of not finding in his plays the lyricism which the author has taken care not to introduce in them ; when dealing with a poet who is renowned as the lyric "par excellence", they affect a profound despair<sup>or</sup> not finding any trace of dramatic faculty.

It is possible that Shakespeare has accustomed these

critics to expect every sort of excellence from writers of high rank. However, this method of judging a man by asking where in his works are to be found certain given characteristics will naturally result unfavorably to the works of very definite and highly individualized type which constitute the larger part of French literature. This attitude might be compared to that of a man who, visiting a garden in a foreign land should shake a plum tree in order to gather pears.



## CHAPTER TWO . HUGO

Victor Hugo has probably given more occupation to English critics than any other French writer. His English friends have probably carried his praise further than did his admirers in France ; at any rate they carried it further than the praise of any other French writer was ever carried in England.

His detractors themselves, often paying homage to his genius, either recognized that Hugo was an author to whom it was impossible to remain indifferent or proved by the quantity and sometimes by the quality of their adverse criticism that they considered him worthy of attention.

In 1833, Hugo had already attracted wide attention in England through his novels. The Edinburgh Review of that year testifies that Hugo's works had been so long before the public that any detailed account of them would have been out of place.

Already an exception was made in his favor when the low level of French literature at that time was mentioned by English critics. "He is superior to his contemporaries", says the Edinburgh Review, "in creative imagination, being in fact the only one of them who seems to see his way with some clearness or to possess the power of inventing,

brooding over, and working out with patience one leading view....he is also visibly elevated above their sphere of imagination by the purer spirit with which his works have been animated, by the generous sympathy for goodness and devotion he evinces and by the absence from his works of the restless and morbid pessimism which is so common among his contemporaries". NOTRE DAME DE PARIS seems to have produced a very strong sensation in England. The melodramatic element of the story did not go uncriticised. This tendency towards the extraordinary, the monstrous, the mysterious, was by some attributed to the influence of the age. It was denounced by some others as an indication that the fictitious literature of France was deceased to the core: "Never before", says the Edinburgh Review, "was so much talent perverted to such base uses...it addresses itself consciously and glaringly to palled appetites and distorted imaginations". The prolonged agonies of the priest hanging by the leaden spout of the turret of Notre Dame which slowly under him for many pages are given as an example of that "appeal to unnatural and morbid sensations" made throughout NOTRE DAME DE PARIS. "It is a banquet consisting solely of unwholesome stimulants and more unwholesome sweets".<sup>1</sup>

However this not was not the most striking. The idea of making an architectural monument the center of a tale  
 ....

1. Edinburgh Review. 1855. Vol. 101, p.109

was widely followed in England, and in 1849 Harrison Ainsworth began the task of teating in succession the chronicles of Windsor Castle, of the Tower, and of old St Paul's.

From the time of his triumph as the chief of the Romantic school to the end of the century and farther, Hugo was the subject of innumerable articles and books, the substance of which it would be impossible to condense. Although he always caused great differences of opinion, it seems that the most unfavorable criticisms were written relatively early and that his popularity steadily increased till some fervent admirers denounced his detractors in terms as violent as the latter had used against the author of NOTRE DAME DE PARIS.

These criticisms, however, were to be expected, and were on the whole natural enough, for Hugo is by no means above reproach. His taste for the extraordinary, his violent appeal to the imagination, were frequently deemed unhealthy and factitious, as we have seen already.

Blackwood's, in 1862, declares that all the genius of Hugo consists in a clever and constant use of antithesis. "Is our intellect so obscured", wonders the Edinburgh Review, that we should have mistaken for the misshapen and monstrous phantasmagory of a political showman, (LES MISERABLES), the effulgent mirror of truth held up by the hand of genius ?.."

This love of the fantastic together with a certain number of inaccuracies led the same severe critics to accuse Hugo ofincerity : "a radical incerity" says Blackwood's. Hugo's comparative ignorance of England and things English were not to alter this impression, and his novel of L'HOMME QUI RIT caused a storm of criticism. To quote the Nineteenth Century (1879) : "It is hardly credible how this moral defect, this reckless indifference to accuracy of assertion has infected M.Hugo's works". We shall see that a totally different view of the matter was presented by other writers.

To proceed with the indictments brought against the author of LES MISERABLES, The view that his books were unhealthy and immoral was not the least important of them, and together with the popularity of his books it brought the Edinburgh Review to this very high pitch of exasperation: "It is his influence as a social and political teacher, it is the world wide circulation of his pernicious books, translated, as far as such jargon is translatable, into all languages, that have imposed on us the duty of judging him".

Again we shall see that this verdict was not to remain permanent. The lack of tact that prevented Hugo, according to some English and French writers, from knowing the point when the sublime becomes the ridiculous, was on the contrary, to remain one of the chief objections against him.

"He is always serious", says Blackwood's (1874) "and even by chance may stray as near the limits of the ridiculous as

is given to mortal man with a sublime unconsciousness of that dangerous vicinity". "He did not perceive when the sublime became the ridiculous", says Dowden who is, however one of his great admirers.

This grand manner of Hugo seemed particularly detestable when, mingled with self confidence, it was concerned with sacred matters. Blackwood mentions as an instance of that tendency, Hugo's explanation of the fall of Napoleon by the theory that "Il gênait Dieu"---i.e, that he was in God's way. The absence of awe and respect in presence of sacred matters appears to the reviewer un-English and odious. In such cases his attitude was no longer sublime, nor ridiculous, but offensive.

If the last point was not so much stressed by the French detractors of Hugo as it was by the English, on all other points Hugo's compatriots were hardly more indulgent. They went even further, it seems, when referring to the lack of philosophy in that great man who was only too inclined to consider himself a prophet.

As to the tendency of Hugo to consider himself as the center of the world, there is, it seems, unanimity on both sides of the channel on this point as well among his admirers as among his detractors. On both sides some of his

admirers have found this attitude, if not legitimate, at least excusable on the part of such an unusual genius. Some other judges found it to be the definite obstacle to the recognition of real greatness in Hugo : "The egoism which penetrates M.Hugo's character", says Blackwood,"is a bar to all higher sublimity".

If we now mention, to close the enumeration of the faults English critics found with Hugo, his lack of humor, this review of their attacks on the French poet will be almost too complete, considering the amount of praise he received in England, especially towards the end of the century.

In 1866, we find that Blackwood has given up the attempt to define the genius of Hugo and to explain his popularity : "It is useless to apply any standard to Victor Hugo , we have to receive such a writer on his own conditions". By that time the adversaries of the author of Hernani had discovered that the " irrelevancies" which filled his books did not prevent them from having enduring qualities. Blackwood goes as far as to find in Hugo's very extravagance and exaggeration a " sense of reality which seldom fails us", and declares that it gives to his books "a wild magnificence of outline which captivates the imagination". Barnett Smith<sup>1</sup> excuses his "Frequent extravagance" as "the nodding of Homer".

.....

1 . Victor Hugo. His life and his works. London 1865, p.322

R.Noel , in 1886, affirms that his persistent and dogmatic errors about England as well as other faults have been given too much importance by people who, having a deep but painful impression of "something towering and soaring away from them", prefer to fix their attention "on these palpable roughnesses on the base of the mighty Memnon". For Swinburne these questions of proportion and accuracy simply do not exist : the former does not concern men of genius, the latter has absolutely no importance for men of sense and candor. "Any dullard", says Swinburne, "can point the finger at a slip here and there..."

Of course, for such "Hugolâtres", the question of the master's sincerity also does not exist. As for the accusation of immorality and unhealthiness which greeted Hugo's first works, it was not considered by them, as it had been abandoned by his very detractors. His ethical tendencies were viewed by nearly all critics, towards the end of the century, as perhaps elementary, but essentially sound and sane.

The accusation that Hugo did not know when the sublime became the ridiculous also changed more or less into the more lenient reproach that he lacked a sense of proportion. Of course Swinburne never admitted the validity of that reproach, even in its mildest form. Swinburne could turn into magnificent praises criticism

which was intended to prove a definite limitation in his beloved master. This is what he answers to the current notion that Hugo has an exaggerated opinion of himself:

"In the first poem (of the sixth book in the CONTEMPLATIONS ), a sublime humility finds such expression as should make manifest to the dullest eye not clouded by malevolence and insolent conceit that when this greatest of modern poets asserts in his own person the high prerogative and assumes for his own spirit the high office of humanity to confront the darkest problems and to challenge the utmost force of visible and tangible iniquity of all imaginable as of all actual evil, of superhuman indifference as well as of human wrongdoing, it is not merely personal claim that he puts forward, no vainly egotistic arrogance that he displays, but the right of a reasonable conscience and the duty of a righteous faith common to all men alike in whom intelligence of right and wrong, perception of duty and conception of conscience can be said to exist at all".<sup>1</sup>

A certain peculiarity of Hugo's mind was to have grave consequences for his reputation both in England and in France. A mind of his stamp, As Barnett Smith observes, could <sup>hardly</sup> turn to the humorous, and accordingly it has been objected that he had no sense of humor. This unfortunate deficiency made him somewhat foreign

.....



somewhat too peculiarly French, and as Barnett Smith is willing to admit, "is enough to prevent him from being placed by Englishmen on a level with the greatest writers. In France, the same turn of mind was to give rise to the indictment that Hugo lacked wit completely,---a serious fault in the eyes of a people who place wit among their national merits and one which was to stamp the poet's greatness as poorly representative of the French mind,

The praises of Hugo during the later part of the 19th century are so numerous, so eloquent, and so diversified, that a synthetic study of them is almost impossible. Some of these critics seem to have approached him with a sentiment of great respect which was itself colored by the contagious lyric fire and powerful imagination of the master:

"The genius of Victor Hugo," says Dowden, "is wide and violent like a sea...a certain self abandonment is called for, and for a time the surrender of one's safe and deliberate footing. When you are tossed and buffeted and bewildered, when the foam flies over your head, when you glide from dark hollow to shining hillock of the sea, when your ears are filled with the sound and your eyes with the splendor and terror of the ocean, then you begin to be aware of the sensation which Victor Hugo communicates".

.....  
 1. Contemporary Magazine. 1873. (Same article in the Encyclopedia Britannica . Victor Hugo.)

Swinburne does not even try in his STUDY OF VICTOR HUGO to give a general glimpse of the character of his poetry. The introduction of this book is an excuse for the audacity of attempting a "rapid and imperfect survey of so sublime and inexhaustible a subject".

The poetic power referred to by Dowden was the least disputed of Hugo's gifts. "There is no man living", says Blackwood in 1874, "in whose production the reader can see and feel the poetic passion of composition as he can in the works of Victor Hugo...not that weak frenzy which produces washy floods of fine writings but the nervous thrill of force restrained and managed with all the skill of the master but yet carrying on the strain in spontaneous fire, and fulness beyond the reach of mere art". "His subject", says Barnett Smith, "the character he is unfolding possesses the writer ; he throws himself upon it with a glow and fervor of knowledge, with a certainty of delineation which is not the mere exercise of practised powers, but with something undescribable, something undefinable, added to it, swelling in every line and transforming every paragraph".

Saintsbury himself admits that "Hugo's effect is directly and distinctly intoxicating"<sup>1</sup> and that Hugo is always a poet, "even where not merely sense and truth

.....

<sup>1</sup>George Saintsbury. The Later Nineteenth Century , London, 1907, page 44.

but taste, good feeling, every good quality almost that can be named except poetry have left him".

This essential power seems to have been felt in a particularly strong and immediate manner by the English readers of Hugo. "Even the most superficial reading of Hugo", says Barnett Smith, "must leave an impression of magnificent powers".<sup>1</sup>

The one gift which in France is never denied to Hugo is his power of imagination and evocation. This quality was clearly recognized in England. Blackwood's says of Notre Dame in 1866 : "The whole scene is alive with such a flood of rich and various existence as we know not how to equal out of Shakespeare".

It is surprising that this virtue, when found in his dramas, should not have excited much enthusiasm. The Nineteenth Century, (1879), takes up the defense of Corneille against the attacks of the chief of the Romantics whom his "singular vividness and intensity of imagination" made only "a master of scenery" and "the most magnificent of melodramatists".

Every critic pays some tribute to his mastery of the sublime, of the terrible, and of the weird. "In the region where the fantastic mingles with the superhuman", says Barnett Smith, "he has no equal".<sup>2</sup>

.....  
<sup>1</sup>Barnett Smith. Victor Hugo. London 1885. Page 316.

<sup>2</sup>.....do..... Page 320.

Swinburne, with his usual exuberant self assurance, sees in the *LEGEND OF THE AGES*, "the dawn of a new world of song and a world that may hold its own in heaven beside the suns created or evoked by the fiat of Shakespeare or Dante"<sup>1</sup>, and Tennyson hails him as a "cloud weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears".

An effect of this imagination to which the English seem to have been particularly sensitive is his capacity for creating individual characters; a quality which the English generally fail to find in French authors, whom they consider too much interested in general types and not enough in individuals.

One reviewer at least, expressed, concerning "*LES MISERABLES*" another opinion which is probably<sup>2</sup> characteristic of English readers. He said this work was a tacit testimony to the influence of the supernatural and declared it was Hugo's greatest book because in it he recognized the power of the unseen. The English are prone to denounce in French writings a certain clear and artificial light which excludes any sense of the mystery of the world.

Only a restricted public could appreciate the melody of Hugo's verse. The *Nineteenth Century* asserts, however, that Hugo's chief distinction is first of all

.....  
 1. A study of Victor Hugo. Page 107.  
 2. Blackwood's 1866. Vol. 100, p. 744

in the beauty and inventiveness of melody in poetical form. "If you repeat any passage to a friend across a cafe table", says George Moore, "you are both appaled by the splendor of the imagery and by the thunder of the syllables"<sup>1</sup>. It is important to notice that although Swinburne is disposed to grant Hugo all possible qualities, he is mainly impressed by the music of his verse. According to the particular passage, this is "the sweetest and clearest note of dancing or dreaming music", or, "the anguish that utters itself as in peal over peal of thunder broken by sobs of storm", or, "the superb and sonorous chant of the buccaneer which passes off into the carol of mere triumphant love", "This unique and magical quality of living music"<sup>2</sup>, he says in a review, "vibrates alike in every form of verse, in each variety of metre" and thanks to this power Hugo is able to add in THE LEGEND OF THE AGES "an eighth wonder built by music to the seven wonders of the world"<sup>3</sup>. At least this is the opinion of Swinburne. Swinburne was particularly sensitive to French poetry. He did not disguise his

.....  
 1. George Moore . Confessions of a young man. New York 1917. Page 59.

2. Fortnightly. 1889. Vol. 51, p.29

3. A study of Victor Hugo. Page 121.

contempt for the critics who did not follow him in this field of appreciation :

"If English ears could but learn or would but hear it !... [the melody in Hugo's verse] whereas usually they have never been taught even the rudiments of French prosody and receive the most perfect cadences of the most glorious or the most exquisite French poetry as a schoolboy who has not yet learned scansion might receive the melodies of Catullus or of Virgil!"

This general statement is not quite devoid of value. But now it is a question of no less importance whether the English, on the whole, pay as much attention to the purely artistic value of the verse as Swinburne did. Judging by some criticisms made by his compatriots it does not appear so : "We are glad indeed," says the Edinburgh Review, "to think that Mr. Swinburne has not derived his inspiration from Shelley or from any English school of poetry. He is rather an Alfred de Musset without his finesse and grace. What is most distinctive in Mr. Swinburne's works is derived from the corrupted school of French art and French poetry..."

The comparison has several times been made of the remarkable artistic sense of the two writers. Swinburne never felt Hugo's talent more deeply than when the latter was dealing with the sea. He says of the poem called

.....

1. A Study of Victor Hugo. Page 37.

UNE NUIT QU'ON ENTENDAIT LA MER SANS LA VOIR, "we ought to have in English, but I fear, or rather I am too sure we have not, a song in which the sound of the sea is rendered as in a translation of the trumpet blast of the night wind, with all its wails and pauses and fluctuations and returns done for once in human speech and interpreted into spiritual sense for ever".<sup>1</sup>

In this, maybe---in his artistic rendering, in his workmanship, which neither his friends nor his enemies ever denied---Hugo is as distinctly French as some English critics declare him to be. But this particular praise among so many which it would be impossible to condense, leads to another question on which there is some difference on the two sides of the channel. Is Hugo fully representative of the French mind ? It seems so to Tennyson who hails him as :

"French of the French and lord of human tears"<sup>2</sup> ;

to Dowden, who to the question : "What is Hugo?", gives the answer : "He is the imagination and the heart of France in the century of trouble which followed her great revolution"<sup>3</sup> ; to Saintsbury who, in his LATER

.....

1. A Study of Victor Hugo. Page 13.

2. Tennyson. A Sonnet to Victor Hugo. Temple Bar 1880.

3. Edward Dowden. Studies in Literature. London 1887.  
Page 429.

NINETEENTH CENTURY, makes him the representative of the French poetry of that age as Tennyson is of English poetry ; to Barnett Smith, who thinks that Hugo's genius is too national to be contrasted with any English genius, or, at least seems to agree with a writer in Blackwood whom he quotes and who is of that opinion.<sup>2</sup>

To these assertions we may oppose the complete silence on that matter of Swinburne, who himself could write French verse, and also this opinion of George Moore, who was an excellent judge of the subject and who himself composed poems in French : "I never read through a volume [of Hugo] without feeling that Hugo's genius is more German than French and perhaps that is why the poem is better than the volume, the story better than the poem, and the single line best of all".<sup>3</sup>

And now if we turn to the French critics, we find that they do not feel the same enthusiasm as the English in acclaiming Hugo as the French poet "par excellence". The gentle protest of Professor Legouis on the absolute preponderance Hugo is given over the other French poets by the English has already been mentioned.<sup>4</sup>

.....

1. George Saintsbury. The Later Nineteenth Century. London 1887. Page 2.

2. Victor Hugo. Page 321.

3. Confessions of a young man. Page 60.

4. See above, Introduction, page 7.



Taine, in his HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, gave as the French counterpart of Tennyson, not Hugo but Musset, and wrote abundantly and eloquently on this comparison a full chapter in which Hugo is hardly mentioned at all.<sup>1</sup>

Lemaître writes in his CONTEMPORAINS<sup>2</sup> : "It would be strange....that our century should be called the century of Victor Hugo and be imposed as a designation the name of a poet, who is certainly of first order, but who represents so imperfectly the tradition of French genius and who seems to be almost outside of it".

If the compatriots of Hugo consider his works as not very characteristic of the French genius, they also hesitate considerably before giving him the title, so freely bestowed upon him by English critics of "the greatest French poet". In fact such a claim for Hugo is not often heard of in France. Still, Dowden gives this statement<sup>3</sup> : "to say that he is the greatest poet of France is to say too little..." and Kastner and Atkins call him in their FRENCH LITERATURE : "the greatest of French poets and one of the greatest in the world's literature"<sup>4</sup>.

!!!.....

1. Taine. History of English Literature. Chapter VI. par. VI

2. Jules Lemaître. Les Contemporains. Paris 1884.

3. Edward Dowden. A History of French Literature. London 1912

Page 377.

4. Page

Tennyson has probably given the truest as well as the most poetical account of this state of affairs in these lines on Victor Hugo :

.....Bard whose fame lit laurels glance  
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance  
Beyond our strait their claim to be thy peers....<sup>1</sup>

.....

1. Sonnet on Victor Hugo. See note page 43.

### CHAPTER THREE . MUSSET

Musset was known late in England.

In 1867, the Westminster Review could refer to him as "the favorite poet of the French who has no general reputation out of his own country". He was then known only by a few English writers, well informed of French letters, who, according to Lippincott, took advantage of their familiarity with his works and of the relative ignorance of the reading public : "The freedom with which Owen Meredith and Swinburne helped themselves from his poems, says this review, in 1877 proves how unfamiliar the general public [of England] was with him ten years ago."

It appears, according to Lippincott, that the Americans preceded the English in taking notice of him. However his distinction was so well recognized in England by 1876 that some knowledge of his life and writings formed part of the higher local examination of Cambridge University on that year. In the same year, Blackwood could refer to Musset as the only French poet beside Hugo, who had been able to draw the attention of other countries than his own ; and one year later Lippincott remarked that his popularity, both in his own country and outside could be compared only to Byron's

His works then received the compliment regularly paid by English criticism to French poetic talent : "Many people", says Blackwood,<sup>1</sup> "who could not stand the rigid artificiality of the French rhythm have found in Musset the one singer "who could make the French national form of poetic art tolerable".

Having thus, to quote Blackwood again, "triumphed over those rigors and monotonies by the force of genuine life within him", he rapidly attained the second rank in French poetry in the estimation of the English public. He was soon placed above the "mild Lamartine, to whom", says Blackwood, "sentiment only, not passion was possible".

The English, to use the words of the Westminster Review, (1867), "involuntarily compared the sentiment of all French poets to Lamartine", who apparently was at that time well known and little admired, and Musset, according to the same review, gained by the comparison: "His sentiment is less wordy and deeper". "The series entitled LES NUITS, the poems which, with his exquisite SOUVENIR, most resemble Lamartine...if they do not quite equal his sweetness and smoothness...are wholly free from his occasional mawkishness".

The same qualities that had won for Musset, in his own country, ardent sympathies, won for him abroad

.....

1. Blackwood: 1876.

much enthusiasm for him in England. In both countries Musset was more loved than admired. The English might have disapproved of many a side of his character and personality; apparently, they found it easier to excuse his faults than either Lamartine's or Hugo's. No critics questioned the sincerity of his inspiration, the pathos and the passion to be found in his poems. "We know of nothing ", says the Westminster Review in 1867 , in French poetry at least, to equal his pathos and passion. Nothing which surpasses the profound sentiment of some of his shorter pieces". The same quality is mentioned by Blackwood's (1876), and referred to as "the passion, the vitality, the quiver and thrill of feeling, which moves himself [Musset] in every pulse, more than and before it moves his audience". Dowden ranks as the first merit of the poet of the NIGHTS, his "passion, spirit of youth and sensibility".

It was Musset's shorter pieces and those most lyrical in character which made most impression on English readers. The poem entitled SOUVENIR, the series of the NIGHTS and the beginning of ROLLA seem to be the most quoted. Of this last poem, Blackood declares that few efforts of genius so startling, so hideous, so beautiful have been made". George Moore, whom a slight

tendency towards the eccentric kept out of the beaten tracks, admits that the opening lines of *Rolla* are "a splendid lyrical outburst in a way" but declares it was not until he had heard "that magnificent grotesque poem, the *BALLAD TO THE MOON*", that he could be induced to "bend a knee and acknowledge Musset a poet".

Musset's short stories and his unique novel were far from receiving in England the praise they had received in France. His short stories were given little attention and by one critic at least were called absolutely unworthy of him. His *CONFESSIONS D'UN ENFANT DU SIECLE* did not, apparently, arouse much enthusiasm. Although the eloquence of this novel and its psychological soundness were recognized, it is mainly through his poetry that Musset was appreciated in England. "Neither the *CONTES* nor his dramas, nor his *CONFESSIONS*, says Blackwood's in 1876, ought to be considered otherwise than the failings of an erring, feeble, irresponsible man of genius".

Musset's dramas, however, came to be better appreciated in England. An adaptation of the sketch *IL FAUT QU'UNE PORTE SOIT OUVERTE OU FERMEE* became popular under the name of *MORNING CALL*. Of Musset's little comedies the Westminster Review declares that every one is a pearl. *ON NE BADINE AVEC L'AMOUR* received some

great praises : "An art more exquisite", says Blackwood,  
 "could not be imagined, it is the quintessence of refined  
 fancy and observation".<sup>1</sup>

His attempts at real tragedies were generally  
 considered failures. However, the English found in his  
 plays much to be admired and some critic<sup>2</sup> asserts that if  
 any man could have given to French drama a dramatic  
 character like Faust or Hamlet, Musset was that man: "a  
 lack of constructive imagination" and of "the artist's  
 passion for perfection", to use Dowden's words, prevented  
 his success in this direction.

Some English critics protested in several ways  
 against the French assertion that Musset owed much to  
 Shakespeare. The Westminster Review (1867) denies this  
 influence ; the striking metaphor and freedom of  
 language characteristic of Musset are not inspired by  
 Shakespeare but are the effect of "Musset's own airy  
 fancy".<sup>3</sup> Blackwood's protests against the affirmation of  
 Sainte Beuve that Musset's little plays could be compared  
 to AS YOU LIKE IT, and shows how pale the women would  
 look compared to Rosalind. The reviewer appreciates their  
 delicate fancies but, strange to say, the mixture of  
 buffoonery and fun with the tragic element, although

.....  
 1. Blackwood. 1876

2. ....do.....

3. ....do.....

evidently done in imitation of Shakespeare, appeared unfortunate ; it did not answer in French.

However, S.L.Gwynn, the translator of Musset's comedies, finds in them "something of Shakespeare's prodigality, the same swallow like movement of the fancy, the same ease of flight..." He finds also, "rarest of all qualities in France, a humour really Shakespearian - like the humour of AS YOU LIKE IT or of THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

Musset seems to have received less adverse criticism in England than Hugo or Lamartine. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that these poets had opened the way for him. At any rate, the English seem to have been very indulgent when dealing with his faults. Blackwood (1876), complains sadly but with apparent sympathy that "the earth from which Musset's poetry takes its spring is the edge of a precipice. "Weak both in good and evil, incapable of resisting a temptation as well as of repressing disgust he expresses his sorrows at the same time as he condemns himself".

It must be said that when dealing with his private life, and especially in so far as his relations with George Sand are concerned, English criticism found little to say in his favor ; but the disapproval of Musset's life did not prevent the compatriots of Byron from enjoying the poetical works to which this kind of



life gave rise. The form he gave to the expression of his sorrows had the result of making his readers forget the nature of their origin. "It would be unfair", says Blackwood,<sup>s</sup> "to excuse Musset of effeminacy for his inability to contend against pain. He perished in a battle where as many of us know the best of us can do little more than hold their own, but he perished fighting in his fashion, singing still, though his voice was choked in his throat, and the music died out in cries and quivering chords as the darkness and the demons gained ground".

## CHAPTER FOUR . VIGNY

Vigny was less fortunate with English readers than any other one of the Romantics.

His name was hardly mentioned half a dozen times in the English reviews of the nineteenth century and these reviews were more interested in his personality than in his works.

It is very curious that a writer of the quality, and of the importance of Vigny should have received less attention in England than a Théophile Gautier or a Baudelaire. Vigny, beside being one of the earliest of the French Romantics, beside having an originality of thought which the others lacked, and beside having reached, from the French point of view at least, some heights of poetic inspiration which no poet of the same school surpassed, had also the merit of being free from the extravagance which now and then characterized the Romantic writers. He was also free from the national faults which the English critics may have found in them. His mode of thinking and his sobriety of expression should have given him an international reputation at least equal to that of the others. Besides, Vigny was in his intellectual sympathies and in his personal relations, closer to England than Hugo or Musset or even Lamartine. Neither his translations of Shakespeare's plays nor the

drama of CHATTERTON, nor the evidence found in his works of his deep admiration for England could induce the public to take much interest in him. Married to an English wife, like Lamartine, he shared the relative indifference shown to that poet by the compatriots of Shakespeare.

It is possible that the English, who like contrast in comparative Literature as they do in travel, may have found nothing in Vigny to startle their curiosity or to satisfy their <sup>a</sup>craving for the exotic. This is at least the explanation given by Professor Legouis, who wonders at this indifference. Otherwise, it would be rather difficult to explain the relative popularity of the Symbolists or Decadents.

Further, as we have seen, the tone of English criticism and the disposition of the cultured English public towards French poetry changed after the middle of the century and most of Vigny's works was published before 1850. There may also be reasons of a more general character ; as Vigny does not appeal mainly to the emotions, his readers were likely to be less numerous, and the sort of metaphysic sadness which is his most marked characteristic could be appreciated only by a few, in England as in France. Now it seems that even though we may be able to endure what Saintsbury calls "thoughtful poetry" in our own language, we have hardly any patience at all with the same sort of poetry in other literatures.

The English have, not infrequently, reproached French poetry for its effort to be intellectual. The French have sometimes accused the English of trying to express too many sorts of things, and especially too many ideas, in their verse.

Whether this charge of ratiocination in poetry applies or not to Vigny, it is certain that a poet of the intellectual order will stand less chance of popularity in foreign countries than a poet of the emotional type, and that a Swinburne will be more readily understood outside of England than a Matthew Arnold.

The poetry of Vigny was to be appreciated in England only by a restricted group of friends and admirers, and only his novels reached the wider circles of the reading public. These admirers, however, showed that Vigny was worthy of more notice. Among them is Henry Reeve, who wrote, in 1835 his impressions on meeting the French poet. According to Reeve, Vigny is the most delicate, the most satisfactory poet of the new school ; and he adds in the same letter that such is the opinion of his best English friends. He fears, however, that the drama of CHATTERTON will fail both in England and in France ; the play is too dreamy and colourless to be appreciated in France and too contrary to historical truth for his own approval.

During his stay in London, Vigny had the privilege of meeting a few of the celebrities of the time. Bulwer-Lytton was then finishing his drama of RICHELIEU in which he had employed, as he made no attempt to conceal, one of the most fortunate ideas of Vigny's CINQ-MARS. The famous actor Macready who was going to take the part of Richelieu profited by the presence of Vigny in London to get information from him on the character and usual deportment of the Cardinal and each one of these two men derived from these relations much admiration for the other and much pleasure.

Vigny's novels were apparently widely read in England. An adaptation or rather a copy of SERVITUDE ET GRANDEUR MILITAIRES was written by sir Charles Napier under the name of LIGHTS AND SHADES OF MILITARY LIFE, Scott was a great admirer of CINQ-MARS and, as it appears, refrained from writing a novel on Richelieu because Vigny had already made him a chief character of his novel.

A very interesting essay on Vigny was written by Stuart Mill. This philosopher, however, was interested exclusively in Vigny's novels. Although he defines the author of CINQ-MARS as "one of the most genuine, true hearted and irreproachable of the new school of French literature", yet it is mainly the novelist that he admires in Vigny.

GINQ- MARS, he admits, is not free from the fault of the Romantic literature of young France in that it partakes of the "literature of despair". "The present generation of France", he adds, "cannot restrict the purposes of art within the limit of the intrinsically beautiful as conceived by the ancients, they are too much in earnest". Stuart Mill then tries to explain in terms of national differences some striking characteristics of Romantic French fiction : French writers and readers, "have the desire of amusement as much as English readers, - the sense of beauty generally much more, but they have also, very generally, a thirst for something which shall address itself to their real life feelings and not to those of imagination merely, - which shall give them an idea or a sentiment connected with the actual world." And if a story or poem is possessed by an idea...it is not necessarily expected to represent abstract beauty but is even pardoned for exhibiting hideousness". Stuart Mill seems to have been charmed by SERVITUDE ET GRANDEUR MILITAIRES. "Those touching and beautiful stories of military life", as he calls them, attracted him towards their author, whose poetry he had also to read in order to form a just opinion of the writer.

.....

If Vigny's stories, "full of melancholy beauty", make Mill feel he cannot praise them adequately, if he thinks they possess poetry and breathe a nobler spirit than any other writings of the day, he admits that he fails entirely to see anything at all in Vigny's poetry : first, because it is in French and French is by essence the most unpoetical language ; second, because Vigny has written in the heroic line, a form which Stuart Mill can hardly appreciate in any literature; finally, because Stuart Mill, a very fastidious critic, thinks nothing at all in verse should be written that is not exquisite and does not express moods and feelings too complex and too delicate to be expressed in prose.

The present writer shares the opinion of Stuart Mill. Of all the accumulation of Romantic poetry written in the last century, very few pieces will have the perpetual interest of, for instance, the BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES by Villon. It is yet too early to discriminate very safely, but still the few poems which Vigny wrote have assured him a reputation as secure as that of any poet of the century. The term "philosophic poetry" should not mislead us. Vigny's poems are not mere reasoning ingeniously put in verse. There is a fundamental and deep emotion underlying his main concepts or at least running parallel with them. Besides, every detail in his

poems contributes to bring out one central idea, to give one definite impression ; and thus a general unity is obtained which should place Vigny's poetry above the reproach of ratiocination. "His dominant ideas", says Dowden, "are few, but he lived in them ; for them he found apt imagery or symbol and in verse which has the dignity of reserve and of passion controlled by sobriety; he let them, as it were, involuntarily escape from the seclusion of his soul".

Saintsbury himself, although he has a great contempt for "those who do not consider poetry as poetry", sees in *LES DESTINEES* some "exceedingly beautiful poetry of an austere kind", and thinks the reputation of Vigny is perfectly secure, though it rests on very few poems, for the following reasons : because "the range of his subjects is wide" ; because "he has an extraordinary felicity of expression not merely in language but in thought" ; because "he had the secret, very uncommon with French poets, of attaining solemnity without grandiosity by means of an almost classical precision and gravity of form"; because he is free from "the defect of volubility

.....  
1. Edward Dowden. A history of French Literature. London 1912. Page. 374.



which mars the work of Hugo", from the "looseness and disorders of form to be found in Musset", from the "effeminacy" of Lamartine, and because "his nobility of thought and plentifulness of matter save him from the reproach which is made to the technically perfect Gautier".

## CHAPTER FIVE . GAUTIER

Théophile Gautier, although he does not rank in France on the same plane as the four poets above mentioned, seems to have had in England a reputation which is in disproportion to his intrinsic merits.

The English admired in him qualities and a turn of mind which, already strange in France, would have been unimaginable in England. He was interesting to them because he was in absolute contradiction to their fundamental notions of poetic art ( and, to go further, with their view of life in general). In fact there seems to have been a slight tone of defiance in the praise given of Gautier by some of his English friends. To praise Gautier was to assume an attitude and to avow a conception of poetry different from the traditional English conception:

The Fortnightly (1879) quotes from Gautier with great delight the following passage, which, says that review, "does one's heart good" : "look here, Taine,,, it seems to me that you indulge in bourgeois idiocy ; to ask from poetry sentimentalism ...that is not it.... radiant words, words of music, that is what poetry is : it does not prove anything. It does not tell anything." "I cannot," adds our reviewer, help wishing that somebody

had suggested to Gautier that poetry was a 'criticism of life' as we in England, some of us greatly wondering, have been taught in these latter days by a fine master of criticism".<sup>1</sup>

The view Gautier took of his art, which, in France, was considered limited and incomplete, was absolutely opposite to the general idea of the English on the use of poetry. This view was in France a subject of surprise; it was in England an object of wonder.

Whether or not one admits the legitimacy of Gautier's attitude, the fact remains that it was a shock of surprise for those who hardly consider at all the artistic value of the verse, that one daring poet should achieve something worth while by considering absolutely nothing else. And still the result was there. So says Swinburne<sup>2</sup>:

And hear we not thy words of molten gold,  
Singing? or is their light and heat a-cold  
Whereat men warmed their spirit? nay for all  
These yet are with us, ours to hear and hold.

This artistic quality gave to the Fortnightly an opportunity to defend the much abused Alexandrine. After quoting a sonnet of Gautier, the reviewer says:

"I cannot help remembering as I read over this

.....  
1. Same article in the Living Age. 1879.

2. Swinburne. Vol. III. Poems & Ballads. London, 1905. Page 64.

splendid Alexandrines, so full of colour, varied harmony, of stately grace, of fervent passion, that we have just been told that French has no adequate form for high poetry. In a formal defence of that magnificent metre, scores and thousands of examples might be produced far more convincing.

This admiration was not limited to Gautier's poetical form. Swinburne shows a great for his prose, as is evident from the sonnet on MADEMOISELLE DE MAUPIN :

This the golden book of spirit and sense,  
The holy writ of beauty; he that wrought  
Made it with dreams and faultless words and thoughts  
.....

This novel, which, together with LE ROMAN DE LA MOMIE, seems to have given to Gautier a wide popularity in England, had a Succès de scandale as is shown by the casual observation of the Fortnightly : "The next thing that I shall extract ought to amuse the most ferocious decriers of his tabooed book".

The second feature characteristic of Gautier which made a definite impression on some English writers was his vigorous paganism :

"His plain scorn of a world exemplified in lacerated saints and crucified Redeemer", says George Moore<sup>2</sup>, "opened up, to me , a prospect of new beliefs and new joys in  
.....

1. Poems & Ballads. London 1906. Page 66.

2. Confessions of a Young Man. New York 1917. Page 62.

things and new revolts against all that has come to form part and parcel of the commonalty of mankind... I saw suddenly with delightful clearness and with intoxicating conviction that by looking without shame and accepting with love the flesh, I might raise it to as high a place within as divine a light as even the soul had been set in".

The same impression is given by Swinburne in his short poem, written in French, and entitled Théophile Gautier:

Comme en Thrace Apollon banni des grands cieux  
Il regardait du coeur l'Olympe, sa maison,  
Le soleil fut pour lui le soleil du vieux monde  
Et son oeil recherchait dans les flots embrasés  
Le sillon immortel d'où s'élança sur l'onde  
Vénus, que la mer folle enivrait de lumière...

This attitude of Gautier had evidently been assumed elsewhere and before, but nobody in our times had achieved and kept it with such an Olympian calm and such thorough satisfaction.

The example of Gautier shows clearly what general influence the new French school could have on contemporary English poets.

It is precisely because he was a phenomenon

.....

impossible in England that the English took interest in him ; and as in general the English were searching French poetry for something that did not exist in English verse, they were mainly attracted by the stress on artistic rendering, common to all Romantics but exemplified to the highest degree in Gautier.

## CHAPTER SIX . ECHOES AND INFLUENCES

An exhaustive study of the novelties which the reading of French works of the Romantic period may have brought to English literature would be a difficult and hazardous work.

The Victorian poets were well informed of these works; Browning, Rossetti, Swinburne, James Thomson, Owen Meredith read them or part of them in the original. Browning, according to the American reviewer Eugene Benson, had read to good advantage the poems of Gautier; Rossetti read French extensively and as we shall see must have been very familiar with Musset; Swinburne, who may have been less inspired by his "beloved master" Hugo, and more original than he himself thought, nevertheless cannot but have tried some of his literary procédés and have been inspired with a few subjects of descriptive poetry. The powerful originality of Swinburne so transformed whatever he touched that it would be difficult to point at any close imitation. His indebtedness to Hugo could be made the subject of a special investigation. The influence of Hugo on Swinburne very likely has something to do with the

.....  
1. Atlantic Monthly. 1868, p. 671. Gautier.

wider scope he is said to have given to English verse. We have seen that he complained of not finding in English any poem that accurately rendered the effect of the sea and the music of the sea. His poems on the sea may be the result of an attempt to fill that gap.

James Thomson knew the works of Hugo and Musset and if our inferences are just was very familiar with Vigny's poetry.

Francis Thomson, who read only French of all modern literatures, and who was sufficiently interested in it to translate a few poems of Hugo may owe to this author, whom he calls the greatest man of the century, his taste for antithesis and paradox. In these two writers are found many common points --- gift of mythology, sublimity richness of style ---both depend greatly for their poetic effects on the law of contrast.

We have seen that Owen Meredith, according to an American critic helped himself freely from the poems of Musset; this is, however, a small claim in favor of the poet of *ROLLA* if we accept the final word of criticism on the merit of Owen Meredith.

If we cannot undertake to bring out everything which was inspired in English poets by French Romantic works we can show that some of the highest poetic notes

.....

1. See above, page 47.



struck by Musset and Vigny were heard distinctly by English poets.

There is a striking analogy between the group of sonnets by Rossetti entitled WILLOWWOOD and the famous elegy of Musset called LUCIE and preceded by the celebrated lines:

My dear friends, when I die  
Plant a willow in the churchyard...

Rossetti's poem begins with these lines:

I sat upon a woodside well  
Leaning across the water, I and he,

and Musset's :

One evening, we were alone, I sat near her  
She inclined her head.....

Rossetti continues:

Nor ever did he speak nor looked at me  
But touched his lute wherein was audible  
The certain secret things he had to tell

Musset :

She inclined her head, and on her harpsichord,  
Let, as she dreamed, her white hand wander...  
It was but a murmur.....

and later :

and later:

Sweet language of the heart, the only one wherein  
thought

.....  
Passes, keeping its veil and sans fear of the eyes.

Rossetti:

Only our mirrored eyes met silently  
.....

1. Sonnets XLIX, LL, J. L. II. of the House of Life.

Musset:

She saw in my eyes, her image mirrored

Rossetti:

And now Love sang.....

Musset:

... ..she sang.

If the words are far apart, there is much analogy  
between the sentiments contained in these two passages:

Rossetti:

So sang he; and as meeting rose and rose  
Together cling through the wind's wellaway  
Nor change at once yet near the end of day  
The leaves drop loosened where the heart stain glows

Musset:

The warm voluptuousness of melancholy nights  
Came to us from the chalice of flowers  
The chestnuts in the park and the antique oaks.  
Swayed slowly under their weeping boughs.

The same analogy of feeling is found in these two  
passages:

Rossetti:

So when the song died, did the kiss unclose  
And her face fell back drowned and as gray  
As its gray eyes; and if it ever may  
Meet mine again I know not if love knows  
Only I know I leaned low and drank  
A long draught from the water where she sank  
Her breath and all her tears and all her soul:

Musset:

The echo of her song seemed to thrill me through  
She rested on me her drooping head....  
.....  
Poor child, you were in tears, on your adored lips  
You said I let my lips rest,

And it was your pain which welcomed my kiss  
 As I embrassed you then, cold and white  
 So, two months after, were you put in the grave.<sup>1</sup>

James Thomson partakes of the literature of despair which the French indulged in following the example of Byron. In Thomson, however, we have the philosophic despair which characterises Vigny, expressed in terms which strangely resemble those of that writer. The two following extracts deal with the subject of the insensibility of Nature:

.....  
 And men regard with passionate awe and yearning  
 The mighty marching and the mighty burning  
 And think the heavens respond to what they feel.  
 .....  
 .....cornice, dome and column  
 Emerge from chaos in the splendor solemn;  
 .....  
 With such a living light these dead eyes shine  
 These eyes of sightless heaven, that as we gaze  
 We read a pity tremulous, divine,  
 Or cold majestic scorn in their pure rays;  
 Fond man! they are not haughty, are not tender;  
 There is no heart in all their splendor  
 They thread mere puppets all their marvellous maze,<sup>2</sup>

Vigny:

She tells me [Nature]: "I am the impassionate theatre  
 Which the feet of its actors cannot move,  
 My emerald steps and my alabaster parvis,  
 My marble columns, have the gods as their sculptors.  
 I hear neither your cries nor your sighs, hardly  
 Do I feel, passing upon me, the human comedy  
 Which vainly searches heaven for its dumb spectators.  
 .....  
 They call me a mother and I am a tomb,  
 My winter takes your dead as its hecatomb  
 My spring does not feel your adorations..

1. Poésies Nouvelles. Paris 1891. Page 46.

2. The City of Dreadful night. London 1895. Vol. I. Page 161.

Vigny concludes:

More than all your reign and its vain splendors  
I like the majesty of human sufferings  
You will not receive one cry of love from me!

Thomson observes somewhere:

"Nature has no heart...did I go up yonder hill  
and behold at my feet the spacious amphitheatre  
of hill girt wood and mead, overheard the mighty  
aerial velarium, I should have felt that my human  
sadness was a higher and deeper thing than all that.

There is also a striking analogy between the poem of  
Thomson called THE POET AND HIS MUSE<sup>1</sup> and the famous poem  
by Musset, which is also a dialogue between the poet and  
his muse, entitled LA NUIT DE MAI,<sup>2</sup> The roles are, however,  
somewhat inverted in Thomson's poem.

Thomson:

Would you but come and kiss me on the brow  
.....  
[I might sing)...some new vision of the ancient  
splendour  
Of beauty and delight that lives in everything  
.....  
Would you but kiss my eyes from their eclipse  
With some new tale of old world right and wrong;  
Some song of love and joy and tender grief,  
.....  
Some solemn and impassioned antique story  
Where love against dark doom burns out in glory,

Musset:

Poet, take thy lute and give me a kiss  
.....  
Let us depart in a kiss for an unknown world  
.....

1. The City of Dreadful Night, Vol. II, Page 64.

Let us awake at random the echos of life  
 Let us talk of happiness of glory or folly,  
 And let it be a dream, the first one that will come.

.....  
 Shall we sing hope, sadness or joy?  
 The mailed legions shall we bathe in gore?  
 Or to the winds the foam of coursers throw?  
 Or tell how silken ladders lover bore?

Thomson:

And lo! she came the ever gentle muse,  
 .....  
 Although her steps were weariness and pain:  
 .....  
 "I come unto thy sighing through the gloom..."

Musset (of the muse)

..... "In sad and pensive mood  
 Thy balmy vigil did I see thee keeping,  
 From heaven's heights I hasten to thee weeping.

Thomson:

"Lo you ravaged me with dolorous thought  
 Until my brain was wholly wrought,  
 .....  
 Until my trembling lips could no more fashion  
 Sweet words to fit sweet airs of the trembling  
                                 lyre and lute.

Musset:

Ah, thriftless boy, look at me...  
 .....  
 I consoled you in a bitter sorrow  
 Console me to night, I die of longing now...

Truly the muse in the two poems has a very different attitude, but there is a striking analogy of movement, feeling, ideas, and even expression between the two poems and it is impossible to read one without thinking of the other.

## Conclusion

T.S.Omond, in his ROMANTIC TRIUMPH, comes to the conclusion that the Romantic period in France was second in European importance only to that covered by the great corresponding movement in English literature. He admits that the English debt to the French writers of that period is great, not so much for initial suggestion as for helpful and lucid exposition", but he makes an exception for poetry, in which, he says, "we neither needed nor greatly valued impulses, which, after all, lose most of their force when they leave the language of their birth".

Poetry, however, contained the essence, the very spirit of Romanticism. This is why French Romanticism, in spite of the many original and powerful notes it struck, did not have a great repercussion in England. What interested the English mostly, was, so to speak, the by-works of the school, what in it was concrete images and sounds, what was method, what in it was an almost conscious research for artistic effects, The very spirit of the school was caught by many an English reader, but, for some reason, left no trace. The Victorian poets admired Lamartine and Vigny, liked Musset, and followed Hugo and Gautier, the two masters of poetic art.

Hugo was hailed by Swinburne as his "Beloved Master", George Moore declared that he was to the end of his life what Gautier made him.<sup>2</sup> Neither Lamartine, Vigny, nor Musset received such homages.

It is easy to understand that, in so far as French Romanticism derived its impulses from the Northern literatures and from the French literature of Pre-classical times, it could have little effect on the Victorian poets, who could readily get direct inspiration from these sources. There were, however, in French Romanticism, some valuable, even supremely beautiful, lyrical cries which left faint reminiscences but no lasting impressions on English minds. It is, as it were, the body of Romantic poetry rather than its soul which captivated English attention. It is, as Omond says,<sup>3</sup> the influence of French method and technique which was the greater. The interest shown by the English towards that sort of accomplishment was to be renewed in favor of the Symbolists and Decadents.

At any rate, thanks to the influence of the Romantic writers, a decisive change had occurred in English appreciation of French poetry; from the hostilities of the literary war which was raging towards 1820 between the

.....

1. Dedication of Mary Stuart.

2. Confessions of a Young Man. Page 65.

3. T.S.Omond. The Romantic Triumph. London 1900. Page 277.

two nations, stage by stage, France and England had arrived at the end of the century at a certain understanding on certain common grounds.

Whether these common grounds were not, after all those of mediocrity is another story which the future will tell.



## Bibliography

Alison, Wilson . Essays . London, n.d.  
Atlantic Monthly . 1868

Blackwood's Magazine . 1823.1824.1862.1866.1874.1876

Contemporary Magazine . 1873

Dowden, Edward . A History of French Literature .  
New York & London, 1912

Dublin Review . 1840

Dublin University Magazine . 1843

Dupuy, E. Alfred de Vigny . Paris, 1910

Edinburgh Review . 1833.1837.1840.1849.1855.1863

Encyclopedia Britannica . New York, 1911

Fortnightly Review . 1879 . 1881 . 1889

Gautier, Théophile . Oeuvres complètes . Paris, 1889

Hugo, Victor . Oeuvres complètes . Paris, n.d.,

Kastner & Atkins . French Literature . New York, 1901

Lamartine, Alphonse de . Oeuvres Complètes . Paris, 1886

Legouis, Emile . Défense de la Poésie Française .  
London, 1887

Lippincott's Magazine . 1877

Long, W.J. English Literature . New York 1909

Mill, John, Stuart . Dissertations and Discussions .  
New York, 1882

Musset, Alfred de . Oeuvres complètes . Paris, 1891

Nineteenth Century Magazine . 1879

Rooker, R. Francis Thomson . London, 1913

Rossetti, D.G. Collected Works . London 1888

Saintsbury, George . The later 19th Century. London,  
1907

Spectator . 1883 ! 1890

Swinburne, A.G. A study of Victor Hugo . London, 1885

Taine, H.A. English Literature translated by  
Henry Van Laun . New York, n.d.,

Thomson, James . The Poetical Forms of London, 1895

Vigny, Alfred de . Oeuvres Complètes . Paris, n.d.

Westminster Review . 1867

## Index

Addison, Joseph, 13  
Arnold, Matthew, 56  
As you like it, 51

Ballad of Dead Ladies, Villon, 59  
Ballad to the Moon, Musset, 56  
Baudelaire, Charles, 11  
Benson, Eugene, 67  
Blackwood's Magazine, 6, 16, 31, 33, 34, 39, 48, 49, 51  
Boileau, 13  
Browning, Robert, 67  
Byron Lord, 5

Catullus, 42  
Chateaubriand, 19  
Chatterton, 55, 56  
Cinq-Mars, 57, 58  
Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle, Musset, 50  
Contemporary Review, 45  
Contes, Musset, 58

Decadents, 75  
Destinées (Les), Vigny, 60  
Dowden, Edward, 22, 33, 37, 43, 49, 60  
Dublin Review, 18, 20  
Edinburgh Review, 14, 17, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 30, 31, 42  
Epistle to Lord Byron, Lamartine, 6  
Essay on Man, 19

Fortnightly Review, 62, 63, 64  
France, Anatole, 9

Gautier, Théophile, chapter five, 62, 10, 11, 55, 66  
Gwynn, S.L. 29

H  
Harmonies, Lamartine, 20  
Harrison, Ainsworth, 31  
Hugo, Victor, chapter two, 29, 54, 61, 68

Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée, Musset, 50

Lamartine, Chapter, one, 12, 7, 10, 48, 54, 61, 74, 75  
Later 19th century, Saintsbury, 43

Legend of the Ages, Hugo, 40, 41  
 Legouis, Emile, 7, 44, 55  
 Lemaitre Jules, 45  
 Les Misérables, Hugo, 40  
 Lights and Shades of Military Life, Charles Napier, 57  
 Lippincott Magazine, 47  
 Lucie, Musset, 69

Macready, 57  
 Mademoiselle de Maupin, 57  
 Meditations, Lamartine, 12, 22  
 Meredith Owen 67, 68  
 Mill J.S. 57, 58  
 Moore George, 41, 44, 44, 64, 75  
 Morning Call, 50  
 Musset, chapter three, 47, 10, 54, 69, 70, 72, 73

Napier Charles, 57  
 Nineteenth Century Magazine, 39, 40  
 Notre Dame de Paris, Hugo, 30  
 Nuit de Mai, Musset, 72  
 Nuits (Les), 48  
 Nuit qu'on entendait la mer sans la voir (une), 43

Omond T.S. 74, 75  
 On ne badine pas avec l'amour, Musset, 50

Pleasures of Hope, 25  
 Pleasures of Memory, 25  
 Poet and his Muse (The) James Thomson, 72  
 Pope, 13

Racine, 13  
 Reeve Henry, 56  
 Richelieu, 57  
 Rolla, 49  
 Roman de la Momie, 64  
 Rossetti D.G. 15, 69, 70

Saintsbury George, 24, 25  
 Scott Walter, 5  
 Servitude et Grandeur Militaires, Vigny, 57, 58  
 Shakespeare, 5, 39, 54, 57  
 Souvenir, Musset, 48  
 Smith Barnett, 36, 37, 38,  
 Swinburne A.G. 15, 36, 38, 41, 42, 56, 63, 64, 65, 67  
 Symbolists 75

Taine H.A. 10, 45, 62  
 Taming of the Shrew, 52  
 Tennyson, 40, 43, 46,

Thonson, Francis, 68  
Thomson, James, 67, 68, 71, 72  
Travels in The East, Lamartine, 21

Verlaine, Paul, 11  
Vigny, Alfred de, Chapter four 55, 69, 71, 72, 74, 75  
Villon, François, 59  
Virgil, 42  
Voltaire, 9, 14

Willowwood, Rossetti, 69.  
Wordsworth, 17